

Winds of Change

Story: Winds of Change

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/2571879/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Romance/Humor

Author: PerilsofRosella

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/845939/>

Last updated: 05/10/2008

Words: 15468

Rating: T

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 10 of 10 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Takes place after GSTLA... some spoilers, plus some major editorial content. This is a FelixSheba pairing, with some humorous events with the other characters!

***Chapter 1*: Sheba and Felix**

Sheba and Felix

Sheba looked at her nails. She knew it was a typically girly thing to do; definitely Mia and Jenna were always at it. But Sheba was not a typical girl; she was strong and no one should forget it.

Except one person.

She looked at Felix, who was ironically looking at his own nails. Sheba laughed to herself. At first glance, Felix was a pretty boy, with his long dark locks and piercing green eyes. A second glance made him seem a bit rough around the edges, and a third would insinuate feelings of dark and forbidding. Any more glances than that, and Felix would probably have you up against a wall and a knife to your throat so quick you wouldn't care about his looks at all.

Felix pushing her up against a wall.

Sheba shook her head. Where do these idea's come from? She wondered. Lately weird phrases like that would pop into her head without her control, about all the males she hung around with, but particularly about Felix.

"Sheba, you feeling alright?" Felix said suddenly. Sheba felt as though a bubble around her had been popped, and someone had chucked her back into reality.

"Why do you bother asking?" She replied snappishly. "I don't think you care."

Felix shook his head now. "Don't be so defensive, Sheba. Some people like to look out for you, you know?"

Sheba sighed, a bit embarrassed by her reaction. Her insides felt like they were twisting into knots, and she now wished she could go back ten seconds in time and just say "I'm fine, Felix." Honestly. She wondered why she acted so immaturely in front of Felix sometimes. After thinking for a moment, Sheba concluded that it was sometimes nice when Felix acted protective. Or something. Before she could get into any other weird thoughts, Sheba stopped thinking about it and finally gave Felix a reply.

"Sorry. I guess I'm tired because Jenna was up all night." Sheba, Felix, his sister Jenna, and Ivan had gone on a small excursion to get some metals that weren't available from the town of Vault, and for Ivan to visit with his old family. She and Felix were now talking in his and Ivan's room, which adjoined Jenna and Sheba's. Sheba absentmindedly drew invisible circles on the table at which she and Felix sat. "We take one year off from adventuring, and what do I get? Out of shape!" She rose from her chair quickly, too quickly. A moment later she was falling, falling towards the floor.

Clumsy, Sheba thought. Right before she hit the floor, a pain shot up to her shoulder.

"Ow!" Sheba cried. Felix had grabbed her arm to stop the fall. He pulled her up, and steadied her with his hands on her shoulders. "Geez Felix, want to do that more gently next time?" Sheba said, rubbing her shoulder.

Felix shrugged noncommittally. "Maybe. It's your fault for falling."

"Well, whatever." Sheba muttered. She rubbed her shoulder again, and then let it be. *I've had worse*, Sheba thought. *And*

I lived.

"Ok. So did you talk to Jenna? Are we going back to Vale for a little while, or traveling more?" Felix laughed a bit cynically. "Ok, I know we have to go back to Vale to pick up Isaac because I think Jenna's gonna go nuts if she's not with him soon." Felix finished his statement with a slight scowl on his face.

"Right," Sheba said, a bit emptily. Felix looked at her, and paused.

"Um. So... Sheba, you interrupted my train of thought! I hate it when you do that!"

He blushed. Sheba thought it was so cute when he did that; the light pink contrasting his long, dark hair. The slight stubble on his cheek. His lips...

Stop it, Sheba! Sheba thought to herself sternly.

"It obviously wasn't of importance. Lets go find Ivan and your sister." Sheba said.

Felix grinned, and lightly punched Sheba in the arm. "I know why you want to find Ivan, huh? Are you sure you don't want to go by yourself? Or," he said, suddenly mock-stern, "Maybe I should definitely come with you."

"Felix..." Sheba groaned, rolling her eyes.

Felix laughed. "You're so touchy. Well, come on."

"No." Sheba sat down on the floor. "No, I'm mad now. I'm not going anywhere with you."

"Oh really?" Felix raised an eyebrow. He then grabbed Sheba, and swung her over his shoulder.

"Felix! I'm too old for this! Put me down!" Sheba kicked her legs, and pounded her fists on Felix's back. Felix, unaffected, began to walk down the stairs.

"You're only fifteen, Sheba."

"Yeah... well... you're only twenty!"

"Great come back. My personal favorite." Felix commented dryly.

"It should be, old man."

"Quiet, munchkin." Felix laughed, and swung Sheba down into his arms. He then set her gently on the ground, right outside the Inn.

Sheba's heart pounded. She hoped Felix couldn't hear it. "You could be more polite." She brushed herself off.

"I'll remember that, Goddess. Where are those two?"

Sheba winced inwardly at the reference to her old life. If anyone but Felix, or possibly Jenna called her that, they would receive a punch in the face.

A tap on Sheba's left shoulder made her turn, but she was hit from behind by a pile of red hair.

"Jenna!" Sheba said, laughing. "Jenna, your brother's a total dork."

Jenna rolled her eyes. "Tell me something I don't know."

"Hey!" Felix protested.

Jenna produced a small blue box from the pocket of her skirt. "Sheba... close your eyes, and hold out your hands."

Sheba did so. She felt something light and metal fall into her hands. "Okay, you can open them." Jenna said.

Sheba opened her eyes, and saw a pretty silver locket with the sign for wind engraved on the front.

"Do you like it?" Jenna asked. She flipped a little gold locket on her neck. "I got a fire one for me, and a water one for Mia. Do you think she'll like it?"

"Yes! I love it, and Mia will too!" Sheba threw her arms around Jenna, giving her a very sisterly hug. They both knew they had to try very hard to be nice to Mia, but they simply didn't know her as well as everyone else. It was hard for Jenna especially, having been the "only girl" growing up, to suddenly have competition. Sheba didn't figure into this equation for some reason, and Sheba always meant to ask Jenna why.

"Hey, why you didn't get me a locket?" Felix whined. He scooped up Jenna and set her on his shoulders.

"Wow... I'm tall!"

"You're tall already, Jenna." Sheba muttered. "At least taller than me."

Felix patted Sheba's head. "But if you were taller, Sheba, you wouldn't be you."

Sheba knocked his hand away and didn't say anything. As they walked through the town, Sheba blocked out Jenna's giggling and Felix's teasing. She kept fixing her hair, touching the part where Felix had mussed it up.

They reached a bakery, and Felix opened the door (fairly talented with Jenna on his shoulders).

The smell of freshly baked bread hit Sheba squarely in the nose. Without wasting another moment she began to salivate, and she had the embarrassing sensation of looking like a bloodhound.

At the counter there was a small blonde boy, about sixteen, around Sheba's height. As he turned, his purple eyes locked with Sheba's of the same color.

"Ivan!" Jenna jumped off Felix's back and swooped the delicate boy up in her arms.

"Jenna!" Ivan said, smothered. Jenna released him, panting. "You just saw me twenty minutes ago. You don't need to hug me again."

"Ivan. You were reading minds again." Sheba said coldly. Ivan stopped and stared at her.

"Um... well..." Ivan blushed.

"So, what did you find out?" Sheba asked, a bit of mischief gleaming in her eyes.

"You guys aren't supposed to be doing that!" Jenna groaned. "I thought we agreed that since our quest was over, that..."

"You still use your psyenergy!" Sheba said emphatically. "You expect us not to use a part of ours?"

Before Jenna could answer, Felix stepped in. "It's okay, as long as they don't read our minds, the way it's always been."

"Felix!"

"Just leave well enough alone." Felix said. "It's time to go, now that we found each other. And," he added, "I think we're causing a small commotion in this fine establishment."

It was true. There was a small crowd in the bakery, most of whom were looking at Jenna. The fires in the kitchen were burning hotter and faster because they could sense Jenna's emotions. It didn't help that Sheba felt frightened, which caused more wind in the bakery. The baker looked both frightened and angry at them.

"Let's go," Sheba said, and shivered. She didn't tell the rest what she had just read in the baker's mind.

On the walk home, Jenna was delusional with happiness. "Do you think Isaac will notice I got my hair cut?" She said dancing in circles along the path.

"I don't think Isaac will care, Jenna. He doesn't seem like he pays attention to your hair." Felix said. Jenna threw a small ball of fire at Felix, and he dodged, laughing.

Sheba and Ivan trailed behind the two sibling, silently conversing through their telepathy.

Do you feel it too? Sheba asked.

What, the awkwardness between you and Felix? Ivan responded.

Shut up! Sheba growled. *Anyway, I read you while you were sleeping last night. I know about your crush on Piers, so don't get any idea's.*

Ok, ok. Ivan relented. *But I do know what you're talking about. I feel something bad in the wind.*

Before they could talk anymore, Jenna came over and wrapped her arms around both Ivan and Sheba.

"Oh, you guys are talking to each other telepathically! It's so cute when you see love in the air... it's stronger than the waves of your psyenergy."

Ivan and Sheba bolted away from Jenna. Ivan was blushing so much he couldn't utter a word, but Sheba was angry.

"I do NOT have a crush on Ivan!" She shouted. She could feel electricity playing up and down her arms, and her hair starting to lift into the air.

"Sheba, calm down." Felix said sternly.

"I'm tired of everyone saying that I like him! I want to hear you say that you know I don't have a crush on Ivan!" She whirled and pointed at Felix.

"You don't have a crush on Ivan." Felix said, but Sheba looked into his mind and saw: *I know she does, she's talking to him all the time, it makes me so-*

Suddenly Felix grabbed Sheba by the shoulders. "Don't you ever do that!" He screamed at her. "I thought you respected me enough to not read my thoughts! You know how I feel about that!"

"I wanted to know if you really meant it." Sheba said quietly, looking down. She could feel her cheeks burning, and to her surprise she was fighting a siege of tears. "Sometimes I just want to know what you really think."

"Well, I never know what you think, Sheba," said Felix curtly. "And unlike you, I don't get to read your mind." He let go of her, and began walking again towards Vale.

Jenna, Ivan and Sheba stood for a moment. Sheba, without looking at either of them, followed Felix, slowly, shamefully. Jenna patted Ivan's shoulder, and they followed them up the dirt path.

Upon arriving in Vale, the four were greeted by Isaac and Garret. "Did you have a good visit?" Isaac asked. Before anyone could answer, Jenna leapt into his arms and kissed him. Isaac seemed especially pleased with her greeting, and swept her up in his arms to prolong the kiss.

"I could have lived without seeing that," Garret muttered, and made a gagging sound.

Isaac finished kissing Jenna, setting her on the ground. "You're just mad because I got her in the end." He grinned a bit mischievously at Garret.

"I could say the same thing about Mia." Garret shot back. Jenna looked surprised, and looked at Isaac with new thoughts.

"*What* did he say, Isaac?"

"Umm, nothing, Jenna, darling." Isaac said. "So, anyone up for a welcome back dinner at the Inn?"

After Jenna had boxed Isaac in the ears, everyone agreed that a little food would do everyone some good.

Sheba could still feel Felix's anger at her. He wouldn't even walk next to her on the way to dinner.

"So, what do you think we'll get to eat?" Sheba said. Felix did not respond. "I hope there's bread! I know how much you love bread!"

"Felix, could you give it a rest? It wasn't that big a deal." Jenna muttered. "What thoughts could you have been having that would make you freak like this?"

Sheba hadn't thought that maybe Felix was hiding something.

"I'm sorry Jenna, what did you say?" Felix said, overly nice.

"Just forget it." Jenna mumbled.

"Ah... here we are!" Isaac said.

"You're back!" a high pitched voice squealed from inside the Inn. Before anyone could walk in, a blue blur flew out.

"Mia, we weren't gone that long!" Ivan protested.

"But who's my favorite little brother?" Mia said, embracing the struggling Ivan.

"Mia!" Garret exclaimed, "Let him go!"

"Humph." Mia gave Ivan a kiss on the head. "I just missed him, is all."

"You don't get that excited when you see me." Garret muttered.

"Mia!" Jenna exclaimed. "I almost forgot, I got you a present!" She handed Mia's water locket to her.

"Thank you so much Jenna!" She gave her a friendly hug. "How sweet of you!" Mia immediately put the locket around her neck, touching it gently. The silver went well with her light blue hair and ice colored eyes.

"It was nothing." Jenna said, obviously touched at her enthusiasm.

"Hey." Isaac said, obviously annoyed. "Lets go in and eat the dinner the Inn Keeper so kindly made for you guys?"

"Don't get so miffed, Isaac." Jenna kissed his cheek. "Okay, I'm hungry!" She punched her fist in the air, accidentally hitting Isaac.

"Oops... I'm sorry." Jenna helped Isaac into the Inn, while the others laughed.

The seven of them went in and sat at the table, and were joined by some of their families.

***Chapter 2*: Sheba and her Thoughts**

Sheba and her thoughts

"Hey, where's Piers?" Jenna said, mouth full of mashed potatoes.

Isaac shrugged. "He went to go 'get a surprise'. Said he'll be back tonight."

"There's not much left of tonight, though." Mia commented, balancing a carrot expertly on her fork.

"You know Piers," Felix said in between bites, "Once his mind is set... there's no turning back."

"Everyone knows that." Ivan said, reddening a little. Sheba hid a smile, knowing what he was blushing about.

Sheba listened to the rattle of talking, slowly becoming more and more introverted as the dinner went on. It was true that she had promised Felix that she would never read his mind, and she broke that promise in a silly fight?

Well, not a totally silly fight. He had insinuated that she liked Ivan. Which really was ridiculous if you knew him at all.

What was wrong with that? If she knew she didn't, and Ivan knew, what did it matter?

Sheba shivered. She couldn't decide what made her feel so... weird.

"You okay, Sheba?" Garret asked, who was sitting next to her. This surprised her; Garret was neither sensitive nor intuitive.

"A little cold, I guess." Sheba said. Garret nodded.

"Autumn is coming." He leaned in closer to Sheba, and whispered in her ear. "What's up with Felix? He's even stiffer than usual, which is saying a lot. He won't even laugh at my jokes!"

Sheba had to laugh. Garret made terrible jokes.

Garret smiled. "It's good to see you laugh. You're much too serious some times." Sheba nodded as Mia took Garret's attention, and she was once again left alone.

As dinner was finishing up, a familiar voice sounded through the doorway:

"And you didn't even wait for me at dinner?" Piers mused.
"How rude!"

"Piers!" Jenna jumped into his arms, giving him a huge hug, and Isaac looked more than a little miffed.

"Hey, hey," Piers said, "No hug from Sheba?"

Sheba stood, and shook Piers hand. "How was the trip?" She asked.

Piers smiled, slightly amused at her formality. "Better with company. Feizhi made a good companion."

Both Isaac and Felix snapped their heads towards the doorway, and in one voice: "Feizhi?"

"It's me," A light, female voice said. "In the flesh."

Feizhi smelled like lavender, and look like she had been born in a dewy meadow. Her violet hair was fell delicately around her shoulders, and her martial arts body was trim and thin.

Sheba couldn't help hating her.

"I meant to bring Hamma back," Piers said, blushing, "But she had work to do, and Feizhi was bidding time. So Hamma will come visit us in a day or so, and take Feizhi back to her home."

"Gee, why didn't you stay longer with Hamma, Piers?" Jenna asked, and Piers got redder.

"I didn't want to bother her," he said curtly. "If you excuse me, I'm very tired and would like to go to bed." He rose, and walked upstairs. Piers had a permanent room at the inn, in exchange for a bit of his cleaning.

"That's Piers." Ivan commented.

"Maybe we all should go to bed." Isaac stretched. If you didn't look right in his eyes you wouldn't notice what kind of bed he was thinking of. "You must be tired, Jenna."

"Where's Feizhi going to sleep?" Mia wondered.

"She could stay with me," offered Felix.

Sheba's face grew pink with anger, and only Ivan noticed that her fists became tightly clenched.

But the Innkeeper walked up to Feizhi, and patted her back. "You've got a room here lass, free of charge. It's Pier's home too."

"Why, thank you!" Feizhi said, "I will go upstairs then. I'm very tired." With that, the two wished all a good night, and headed upstairs for sleep.

"Felix?" Jenna called on her way out the door, "I'm staying at Isaac's tonight!" Before he could say anything, she was out the door.

"I shouldn't let her do that." He growled.

"I think it's too late to prevent anything," Sheba commented.

Felix ignored her, and even let the door shut in her face as he walked out.

Sheba let a gust of wind open it for her. *This is going to be a long walk... not to mention night*, she thought. She, Felix and Jenna shared a house together. Sheba didn't belong anywhere else; the only other people she felt close to were Piers and Ivan, and even then, not to the extent of Jenna and Felix.

Especially Felix.

She looked at his figure in front of her in the moonlight. In this light, he looked frightening and dangerous. But, she concluded, that was one of the things she liked most about him. No one would kidnap her and use her with Felix there; even angry at her he would probably kill someone if they looked at her wrong.

Sheba liked to believe that she was special to Felix. But he would do the same thing for Jenna, or Piers, or Ivan, or any of them.

Wouldn't he? Sheba tried to imagine him getting worked up over Isaac. She couldn't. But he and Isaac didn't get on that well anyway. She then thought of Garret. He would probably save him, however grudgingly. Jenna and Garrett had always

been close, and Felix had always approved of their relationship.

Felix reached the front door first, and unlocked it. He walked in, and held the door open backhanded. Sheba rushed in before he would lock her out.

Felix turned and locked the door, muttering something about Jenna.

"So, do you want some tea?" Sheba asked, surprising even herself. "I just bought some more blackberry."

Felix just sat down on their couch, and held his head in his hands.

"Felix?" Sheba asked, gently walking towards him. "Did you really want Feizhi to stay here, or were you just being nice?"

Damn it! She thought, Second stupid consecutive thought!

Felix jerked up. "Why would you think that?" He asked. "Why would you care, anyway?"

"I don't know, because you invited her?" Sheba snapped, avoiding the second question.

Felix looked at her, hard.

"It's my house too, you know!" Sheba sniped. "You could at least ask me first!"

"...Oh." Felix said, and his head dropped back into his hands.

Sheba felt a little guilty, and she didn't know why. She sat down next to Felix, hands between her knees.

"I'm sorry, Felix." Sheba found herself saying. "I'm... I'm sorry I read your mind earlier."

Felix turned to look at her. "You're apologizing?" He said, obviously taken aback.

"Well, yeah, I guess." Sheba said. "Do you except it, or what?"

"Yeah." Felix said, and leaned back. Sheba yawned, and her eyelids fluttered a little.

"You want to go up to bed?" Felix asked. Sheba shook her head no.

They sat for a few minutes, neither moving nor talking. Felix began to drum his fingers on the side of the couch. Then Sheba began to shiver a little.

"I'll get some fire wood." Felix said, getting up.

"No! Don't get up! Please." Sheba begged.

"Well..." Felix said dubiously, "Here's a blanket." He pulled the blanket from off the back of the couch, and lay it over Sheba. "There you go." He said, a little awkwardly.

Sheba had been hoping he would invite her to cuddle closer to him, but he didn't.

"I remember when I first met you, Sheba," Felix said. "You were this stubborn kid that Babi had kidnapped, then was kidnapped again by Saturos. I thought, 'how could a kid be this unlucky'!"

"Then, when you let go of the edge of the lighthouse, I jumped in after you... because I couldn't stand the idea of

seeing a girl so mistreated, die so young...

"And when I pulled you out of the sea, do you remember what you said to me? You said 'Felix, don't you respect me enough to let me save my own life'?"

Felix looked down because he felt a little thud on his side. Sheba had fallen asleep.

He sighed, and looked at her. She was very pretty, the way her straight blonde locks fell on that serious face. Her hair was nearly never tousled; just as she was nearly never upset. Why had she lost her temper the way she had earlier?

Well, he should put her to bed.

Felix stood up, and scooped Sheba up in his arms. In her sleep, she snuggled closer to his chest. Her mouth opened slightly and a gentle snore fell out. Sheba then swallowed in her sleep and sighed a little. She was being very adorable.

Felix thought it wouldn't hurt to take her upstairs, and just fall asleep with little Sheba on his chest, or next to him, he would certainly sleep better...

No! He thought sternly, *What on earth would Sheba think if she woke? You're her guardian, so guard her.*

With some reluctance, he carried her up to her room, and lay her in bed. As she touched the cool bed sheets, she woke up a little.

"Huh?" She mumbled, "I thought it was warm."

"It's fine," Felix whispered, "Go to sleep." He tucked her in the blankets. He hadn't even finished doing that before Sheba fell asleep again.

Felix gazed at her a moment before retreating to his room across the hall. But no matter what he tried to think about, the image of sleeping Sheba in his arms kept resurfacing. And he kept wishing he had brushed the long hair out of her face, just once.

***Chapter 3*: Sheba and Ivan**

Sheba and Ivan

Sheba woke up the next morning disappointed. She thought she had fallen asleep in Felix's arms, only to find that she was in her own bed, without even her roommate Jenna to keep her company.

"I know what kind of roommate Jenna has now," Sheba said to no one. She got up, and the downstairs blanket fell around her ankles.

She wrapped it around herself, and went downstairs to have breakfast.

Felix sat near the window, drinking a cup of tea. Sheba took the pot, poured a cup for herself, and joined Felix.

"Did you sleep well?" She asked, rubbing her eyes. "I slept like a rock! I was exhausted! Maybe," She said, glancing at Felix, "I should start working out."

Felix shrugged. "Hamma's here, if you want to talk to her."

Sheba slouched, and sighed loudly. "What good would it do?"

"She is a highly respected scholar," Felix said. "I think you should at least talk to her again. You never know; she could have learned more about Contigo. There's no reason to be so negative."

"I guess it's hard, when she and Ivan found each other," Sheba said, "And I have no one."

"What am I?" Felix asked, hands in the air.

"I meant family." Sheba amended.

Felix nodded. They sat for a moment in silence, and watched a few of the village children play with a puppy.

"Jenna never came home?" Sheba asked.

"No." Felix slammed his cup down on the table. *Wrong question to have asked*, Sheba mused to herself.

"It's normal, you know." Sheba said, rolling her eyes, "Jenna and Isaac are eighteen. They've traveled across the world together, and they've liked each other since they were fourteen. It's not scandalous."

"They're just too young, that's all." Felix snapped. Sheba stood very suddenly.

"I'm fifteen! Do you think that's too young for a relationship?"

"Yes."

"I can't believe you! You're telling me that if I liked someone, right now, you wouldn't let me date them because I'm fifteen?"

"I just don't think you should go around trying to date." Felix said. Without another word, Sheba ran upstairs. The slam of her door made the whole house shake.

Felix smacked himself in the head.

Sheba, upstairs, was busy conjuring up wind and flinging the door open and shut, giving the effect of slamming it over and over.

"I get it Sheba, so could you quit it!" Felix yelled from downstairs.

With a final slam, Sheba flung herself on the bed, with a few heavy but silent tears running down her cheeks.

"Hey! Sheba!" Ivan called to her from outside. She wiped her face, and looked out to see not only Ivan, but Garret as well.

"Come down! We want to show you something!"

"I don't want to see Felix right now, so I'm staying here." Sheba put her back against the window.

"Sheba!" A tendril of a plant curled around her shoulder. "Just shimmy down the plant!" Garret yelled. Ivan hit him.

"Do you think that won't catch Felix's attention? He'll kill us!" Ivan hissed. But before he could say anymore, Sheba slipped down the plant's stalk.

"So, what did you want to show me?" Sheba said, dusting herself off.

Garret sniggered. "Jenna and Isaac are engaged." Sheba's mouth dropped open.

"No! Felix will kill him!" Sheba said. Then a grin snuck onto her face. "Ha ha, I can't wait to see the look on his face! Let me go get him." She said seriously, "And we'll go see the happy couple."

"I didn't know you had this streak in you, Sheba." Garret said, mildly impressed.

"Well, I think Felix needs a little wake-up call." Ivan said. "Let's all tell him right now, to soften the blow."

Sheba held her hand up. "I'll go tell him, alone. Maybe he won't kill anyone that way."

Garret started to protest.

"I want to see the look on his face!" Garret complained.

"Do you *want* to get killed?" Ivan hissed. Garret shook his head. "Then just let Sheba tell him! We'll watch through the window." Ivan added quietly, as Sheba turned back towards the house.

Sheba rattled the doorknob, only to find it locked. She banged on the door, and heard Felix yell:

"Go away! Not now!"

Sheba sighed, and climbed back up the plant to her window. She climbed back into her room, scraping her arm on the sill.

"Ow!" Sheba winced. A trail of fresh blood drizzled out of her arm. She sucked on the wound for a moment, and then went downstairs.

"Felix." Sheba joined him again. He hadn't moved since she left him the first time. "I've got something to tell you."

Felix turned, looked at her, with a gentle face expression. "What?" He asked.

"Well, I'm afraid you'll be upset, but I think I should tell you before anyone else does, in case you're mad."

Felix picked up Sheba's hand. "I won't be angry, Sheba. Just tell me."

Sheba's heart skipped a few beats with her hand in his. She tried not to concentrate on it, but only succeeded in making

herself sweat slightly.

"Um... Felix..." Sheba swallowed. "Promise me that you won't flip?"

"I know I won't, trust me." Felix said, eyes level with hers.

"Isaac and Jenna are engaged." Sheba said quickly.

"What!" Felix yelled. He dropped her hand and Sheba felt the ground rise a little beneath her.

"Felix, Calm down, you promised me you'd be calm-"

"I didn't think you would tell me *this*!"

"Well, what did you think I was going to tell you?" Sheba snapped. "That you won the lottery?"

They both heard snickering. Sheba and Felix turned to see Ivan and Garret looking at them through the window.

"...It's a joke." Felix said. He whirled on Sheba. "You played a joke on me with Garret and IVAN? What kind of sick..."

"It's not a joke!" Sheba yelled, shrinking back from Felix.

Sheba felt the ground move beneath her, moving her back closer to Felix. "Don't you believe me!" Sheba yelled. Felix took her by the shoulders, and stared deep in her eyes.

Sheba shivered a little, partly from cold, partly from fear. As Felix lifted his right hand she flinched, prepared for a blow.

... but was surprised to feel the palm side of Felix's hand sweep a hair out of her face. She opened her eyes to see a regretful look on his face.

"I didn't mean to scare you Sheba. I believe you." He gathered Sheba close to him, and held her for a few moments.

Sheba felt herself go weak in the knee's as she buried her face in Felix's hair. She wanted to wrap her arms around his neck, but she was too timid, and kept herself satisfied with the smell of his hair.

"I'm sorry, Sheba." Felix said as he released her. "I was just angry... and jumped to conclusions... I'm not mad at you. But I am mad." Without another word, Felix walked out the front door, slamming it behind him.

The earth moved under Sheba again, although this time it was not for her. Poor Garret and Ivan were both caught in a hand of Felix's.

"WHAT have you DONE to Sheba? Making her tell me a lie?" Felix yelled. "And as for you, Garret! Getting Ivan in on this stuff? How low can you go!"

Sheba didn't hear precisely what Garret said next.

"OH COME ON." Felix screamed. "They're not... really..." He trailed off, dropping both Ivan and Garret. Felix ran in the direction of Isaac's cottage.

Sheba huddled on the couch. Maybe this is why Felix had been so irritable lately; it was actually very unlike him. She had a feeling that Felix knew this was coming, and kept avoiding the idea in his head. Now that he had to face it, he was completely unprepared and disappointed.

"I wonder what he would do if I said I had gotten engaged?" Sheba mused to herself.

"Why do you care?" Ivan said at the window. Sheba screamed, and flung the window shut with a blast of wind.

She did look into his mind to see:

I knew she liked Felix! Oh, hey Sheba. I should have bet money, but Garret didn't believe me! Jenna probably would have though. We all know, Sheba. Except you and-

I hope one of Garret's spells goes awry and burns you!
Sheba spat. She cast a tornado in Ivan's direction.

There's no need to be rude, Sheba. Anyway, throwing wind at me does little. This just affirms my suspicions.

Whatever! Sheba snapped at Ivan.

A moment later there was a knock at the door. Sheba rose, and opened it to see Ivan standing there.

"I'm sorry Sheba." Ivan said, holding out his hand. Sheba reluctantly took it and shook it. "You're a very good friend of mine, who understands our psyenergy like few do. I value your judgment. I ask, humbly, for your apology." Ivan withdrew his hand, and kneeled in front of her.

Sheba couldn't help but laugh. "Of course I forgive you, dolt."

A few minutes later, Sheba was fixing Ivan and herself a light lunch while Ivan sat at the counter.

"Have you thought more on what those people at the bakery said?" Ivan asked.

Sheba put down the salad bowl she had been holding. "Well, to be honest, no. But we've left, so what does it matter?"

"Because we're going on another journey soon, when we go see if any kids have psyenergy on the southern continent." Ivan said. "And they'll wonder... why we don't want to go."

Sheba sighed. "I'm not going to let some stupid man in a bakery scare me away from the people that I care about. Maybe he was nuts or something. Maybe it was harmless."

"Maybe. But I think we should take threats like that seriously." A smile glinted behind Ivan's eyes. "'the people who you care about'... who specifically, Sheba?"

"All of you."

"Sheba, why don't you just tell Felix how you about him? It's only so apparent-"

"No!" Sheba shrieked, and dropped a glass she had been filling with water. She blushed, and began to clean up the mess. "No. It's... it's not like that."

"Why not?"

"Felix is much older than me. He thinks of me like a sister."

"I think of you like a sister. I'm not convinced that Felix does." Ivan said dryly.

"LOOK! It just wouldn't work! He doesn't think of me like that!" Sheba shouted, and shoved Ivan's plate towards him. "Here's your sandwich."

"A-ha." Ivan said, as he reached for his food, lettuce falling out between the pieces of bread, "And I have found the truth."

After lunch, Ivan left, inviting both Sheba and Felix to dinner at his home with Hamma. "Piers will be there too, of course." Ivan said enthusiastically.

But Sheba dreaded seeing the two act like teenagers in love.

Without Felix or Jenna around, there was nothing for Sheba to do. She dusted the house and watered the plants outside, and then went to the Inn to help with cooking, but she really wanted to go for a walk around town. But Felix was always so mad when she went out by herself, so she busied herself with stupid tasks.

At sunset she went to Ivan's house, never seeing Felix.

"Where's Felix, Sheba?" Hamma asked in her calm way. Sheba could only shrug.

She had a nice dinner with Ivan, Hamma and Piers. They talked about what Sheba and Ivan had worried about, but assured them it was not a big deal.

Then, Sheba went home. Surprised that Felix was still not there, she climbed into bed and went to sleep.

But in the middle of the night, was woken by the sound of a door slamming. The force was so strong that it knocked a picture off her wall. She rose from bed, and went downstairs to see what was the matter.

She saw Felix in the middle of the living room, collapsed on the floor, holding his hands to his face.

Sheba ran to him immediately, running her arms around his neck. Before she could even say his name, his arms were around her, crushing her to him.

"Why, Sheba?" Felix choked out. "Did I not take care of her well enough? Was she not happy?"

Sheba had to think for a moment to understand what he was talking about. "She was plenty happy, Fe-"

"If she had to run off, why not Piers? Why not Ivan? Why not Garret?" He asked pleadingly, each name a little more desperate.

Sheba considered answering "why not Ivan," but decided that it was not the time, place, or her business.

Sheba continues running her hand through his hair. She thought she felt her heart breaking, seeing him so distraught. "I think that you don't like Isaac, and losing Jenna to him. She still loves you, you're her brother."

"Don't leave me too, Sheba." Felix said, gathering her closer to him. "Don't you leave me too."

"I..." Sheba felt herself redden, and was glad he couldn't see her face. "I'm not. I won't."

Felix pulled her closer to him, if that was possible. For minutes, he just held the small girl to his chest.

Just as suddenly as he had grabbed her, he let go. "Go to bed, it's late." He said, head hanging down.

"Don't tell me what to do!" Sheba yelled. She mentally hit herself. What on earth possessed her to act like that, after she just calmed him down?

"Keep your voice down, it's the middle of the night!" Felix hissed. Sheba stamped her foot in frustration.

"Fine. But I'm not leaving you like this." She said, voice quieter.

"Oh, yes you are. I am your guardian, so go to bed!"

"YOU woke me up, oh wonderful 'guardian'." She flippantly made a gesture with her hands.

"Then..." Felix trailed off. "Then I don't care! Do whatever you want!"

"Fine! I will!"

"Oh, sure, do what ever you want, just as long as it's what you like! Who the hell cares what I want! Or think! It's not like you give a damn! Or that you ever did! It's always about how you feel!"

"Just stop it!" Sheba screamed, and hit Felix in the face with the palm of her hand.

Felix looked at her, dumfounded. He seemed to be too shocked to be angry, but Sheba was sure that wouldn't last. She wondered why she always had to be irrational in a situation like this. She was always irrational with Felix.

"Sheba..." Felix trailed off, not knowing what to say. Without another word, Sheba rose to go upstairs.

"No, Sheba." Sheba turned to look at her guardian. Her eyes gave a piercing look, and although she wasn't reading his mind right now, Felix felt like she could see right through him.

She must know, he thought, ashamed. She must. She could have read my mind while I was sleeping, but no. Sheba wouldn't do that. Would she?

"Felix?" Felix hadn't noticed that she had come back to him, her nightgown ratty at the ends, her hand where she had hit him just seconds ago. "I know you're upset about Jenna and Isaac but... is that really it? Or did you not see it coming?"

Felix sighed. "I knew, and ignored." His heart skipped a few beats faster with her hand on his face, her eyes in his. He couldn't mess up because then she would know, and that would be... so wrong. As he looked at her, her cut on her arm caught his eye. "What's that?"

"Nothing." Sheba pulled her arm away. "Goodnight."

"Sheba. Just let me see it. I'll just heal it, ok?" Sheba reluctantly held her arm forward. "Where on earth did you get something like this?" Felix murmured as he held his hands over her arm. A slight glow covered the two as he worked.

"I... scraped it on the window. Trying to tell Garrett and Ivan to go away."

"Oh. Guess that makes my outburst this morning even dumber, huh?" He sighed again. "But I guess I'm someone who doesn't... fit well into change."

"I know." She said simply, and went upstairs. Felix was left alone with his thoughts, wondering how a girl who understood him so well didn't understand some things at all?

"Did Felix really get that mad?" Ivan asked. Sheba and him often ate lunch together, just because. At first it was because there was no one else their age who didn't work. Now it was tradition.

"Yeah." Sheba replied, mouth full.

Ivan snorted. "Swallow, would you? I'm not interested in seeing lettuce covered tonsils."

Sheba ignored Ivan. "I wondered why he was so shocked. I know he isn't fond of Isaac, but he had to see it coming. I certainly did; I was ready for this months ago."

"Maybe he feels like his two women are growing up to leave him." Ivan said thoughtfully.

"I haven't left him!" Sheba blushed. "Not that I'm his."

"Come off it. The least you could admit is that he cares about you as family."

"I guess."

"Hmmpf." Ivan rolled his eyes. "I bet he thinks that you and I are going to get together or something."

"Ew." Sheba's contribution.

"I know. Despite the fact that I'm not remotely attracted to you... no offense Sheba, you're just not my type..." Sheba laughed, glad that Ivan could joke. "Sometimes I wonder quite seriously if we're related. We look alike, and we're the same rare elemental... sometimes I wonder if we're related."

"Blonde hair isn't all that rare."

"But purple eyes are, Sheba." Ivan leaned a little closer to her. "Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to have a brother or a sister? To have a twin?"

Sheba sighed. "I think you're nursing your fantasies, Ivan. You're a year older than me, remember?"

"Oh. Right." Ivan slumped. "I did forget about that."

Sheba reached out, and held Ivan's hand. "You have Hamma, okay? And I'll be your honorary sister, if you'd like. Or at the very least, be your best friend."

Ivan's eyes lit up. "Sure... best friend." He shook her hand.

***Chapter 4*: Sheba and Her Problems**

Hi! I just wanted to thank everyone who's reviewed. I really appreciate it, and even though I've written up to chapter 8 (I'm just editing, making it the best it can be for you loyal readers!) any suggestions, thoughts, criticisms are wholly appreciated. Enough of my babble; on to the story...

Sheba and her Problems

Sheba soaked a washcloth in clean water, and wrung it out so it was damp. Walking over to Felix, she put it on her his upper shoulder.

"Ow!" Felix yipped. Sheba rolled her eyes.

"You've had cuts that almost crippled you, and you're whining about a tiny abrasion?"

"Well Goddess, everything is relative."

"You call me that again, and I'll give you an injury that won't just a need a cold cloth." Sheba held the cloth to him more aggressively.

"Okay then... Goddess." Sheba smacked him lightly in the back of the head. "Hey!" Felix complained. "My head hurts too, you know."

"I hit you really lightly. It couldn't have hurt."

Felix sighed, and leaned back gingerly on their couch.

Sheba repeated cleaning off the washcloth, and returned to cleaning some of Felix's wounds. "You shouldn't have started a bar fight, idiot. Honestly."

"Well..." Felix trailed off, looking down. "I wasn't thinking."

"No kidding. And let me guess: Jenna isn't speaking to you now."

"Bingo." Felix said, swirling his index finger in the air.

Sheba brushed his hair to the side, and began wiping off his neck. Felix started. "Don't do that!"

"Why not? You're sweaty, and I for one don't want to smell you." Sheba said, continuing.

Felix shrugged. "On the bright side, this is the least stressed I've been in months." Felix said. "Maybe I just need to fight once in a while?"

"Maybe." Sheba wrung out the washcloth one last time, and hung it to dry in the window. "Felix? I feel weird."

Felix looked up at her, throwing his head over the back of the couch. "Sick weird, nervous weird?..." He asked.

"Uneasy weird." She flopped down next to him, accidentally sitting on his leg.

"Ow... Sheba!"

"Sorry." She said, and slid off.

"Well, how come?" Felix asked, rubbing his leg. Sheba knocked his hand away, giving him a stern look.

"I... never mind."

"You mind read, and you didn't like the thoughts." Felix said. "Spill it."

"Well... this man at the bakery in Vault looked me and Ivan over, and said that we were 'a couple perfect younglings for the masters plan.' And he heard where we were going, Felix." Sheba shivered.

Felix reached over, and put an arm around her. "I won't let anything happen to you, Sheba. Who always takes care of you, even when I get myself beaten up?"

Sheba looked up into his eyes. "You."

Felix felt his stomach drop, but he did his best to continue on in a more parental tone. "And if you want to, we can investigate it. If I know you, you're at least half as bored as I am, staying here and doing nothing until the next trip, which is a month from now." Sheba couldn't disagree with him.

"In fact, why don't we look for some information?" Felix said, eyes glittering with excitement.

"Okay." Sheba said. "Who should we bring with us?"

She could have sworn that there was a slight disappointment in Felix's eyes, but she could have been imagining things. "Why bring anyone? If we bring Ivan, it will attract attention. I'm not bring any of the love birds," Felix continued, meaning both Jenna/Isaac and Garret/Mia couples, "Perhaps Piers, if anyone."

Sheba stretched, and yawned. "You want to set out tomorrow?" Felix nodded. "Then I'm going to bed. Go talk to Piers if you want, but I'm done." She went up to bed.

Felix sat alone on the couch a moment. He yawned too, and touched his hair. Then he rose, and went out the front door, locking it behind him.

***Chapter 5*: Sheba and an Adventure**

Sheba and an Adventure

Sheba awoke to a gentle shaking of her shoulders. "Sheba. Sheba, we're leaving. You're packed, right?"

Sheba sat up in her bed, and looked out the window. The sun wasn't even up yet.

"Felix, are you insane!" Sheba muttered. "It's still night!"

"Well, we're leaving before anyone can stop us. I asked Piers to come, and he said that he wants to stay with Hamma." Felix picked up Sheba's shoulder bag. "This is it? We'll be gone for a while."

"Unlike other people, I don't over pack. Before I freeze on this floor, tell me why we're leaving before someone can stop us?"

"See you downstairs! I made pancakes!" Felix hopped out of her room, shutting the door. Sheba sighed. She wished that Felix wasn't afraid to see everyone after last night, but he was. She got up and dressed, and went downstairs to eat pancakes with Felix.

"What's the matter, Sheba?" Felix asked. Sheba was already yawning, and walking slower and slower.

"I didn't want to be out of my bed at three in the morning, that's what's the matter." Sheba yawned again. "Can't we stop at Vault or something?" She looked at Vault's approaching wall. Felix shook his head.

"I want to get a day's journey away from Vale, so no one can just run and get us."

"This is as much about my insecurities as it is about yours." Sheba muttered. Felix didn't hear her.

A mile or so later, Sheba sat on the ground. "I'm not kidding, Felix. I'm tired. I got next to no sleep last night. I want to sleep."

"Well, then hop on my back." Felix said, and crouched down.

"What?"

"Get on my back. I can't carry you how I usually do for another fifteen hours. So climb on, little piggy."

Sheba disliked being called little piggy, but obeyed.

"Hey, Jenna was right... the view is better up here!"

"Well, take a nap." Felix said. "I don't plan to carry you the whole way, light as you are. Gosh, you are light."

"Sorry." Sheba muttered sleepily, already getting drowsy, affected by Felix's rhythmic steps.

"...It's not a problem, it was a compliment." He said to the half-asleep Sheba.

"...uh-uh..."

Moments later, he felt his chin drop onto shoulder. *Good. She's asleep. Less complaining, we go where I want, and I can have pretty Sheba on my back.* The last thought made him blush, and he looked up at Sheba in case she was awake. She definitely wasn't.

He sighed. He wasn't sure what he wanted. Sheba was so little; five years younger than him. She was a good three years younger than his sister. The only person very close to her age was Ivan, which was why Felix didn't want him to come along.

What are you doing here Felix? Who cares if Ivan can understand her in a way you can't. He thought, walking past Lunpa.

As the hours passed by, Sheba still didn't wake up, and she continued to grow heavier. Felix's back ached, but he wouldn't wake her. Let her sleep.

When the sun was directly above them, Felix could take no more. He sat down under the shade of a tree, and Sheba slid down from his back with a plop.

"Hey!" Sheba protested. "That wasn't very nice!"

"Well, it was just an accident. I'm sorry."

"Whatever." Sheba snapped, and rubbed her behind. "Where are we? I'm thirsty."

"Well, we're near the Imil cave, but we're not staying in any towns until we get a boat." Felix said.

"WHAT FOR?" Sheba roared. "I'm THIRSTY!"

"If we stay in a town, they'll be able to trace us." Felix mumbled, knowing Sheba would be mad.

"What in the Golden Sun... now, why are we worried about being traced? To me, that seems like a minor worry compared to, oh, say, food and water!" Sheba sniffed huffily, and turned away from Felix, arms crossed.

"Sheba, I'm sorry, I just-"

"I don't want to hear it!" Sheba whirled on him, her face red. "Just, just, we'll stay here until the noon sun is down. Take a nap or something, because I'm not doing everything when we camp tonight."

Felix smiled. This was Sheba's very roundabout way of saying she gave in. He lay down on the dirty ground, his jacket his sole source of comfort. "Well then, 'good night' Sheba."

"This doesn't mean I'm not mad at you. After tonight, we're going to an Inn- no buts. I want a bed." Sheba didn't know why she was being such a brat. She actually didn't care, and even liked sleeping outside. She just liked to make Felix cater to her- though she would never admit it.

Her thoughts were jarred by the gentle snores of a sleeping Felix. She smiled, and leaned her back against his.

She let him sleep for roughly an hour and a half. The she shook him.

"Felix... Felix!" She blew in his face. One eye opened, saw her, then shut again. Sheba called a large wind to blow at him.

"Okay, I'm up! Geez," He muttered as he stretched, "You didn't have to call the west wind to get me up."

"Maybe I did." Sheba said shyly. He looked at Sheba, but she was facing away from him, so he couldn't read her facial expression.

"Lets go, Goddess. We can catch a boat out of Imil."

Three days later, Felix and Sheba stood at the entrance to Mikasalla.

As Sheba got off the boat, she was happy to be in a town again. She loved the idea of sleeping in a bed, not the ground, or in a hammock.

"Here you go, Sheba. Your night in a bed." Felix said, a little sarcastically, following her to the dock. "Why don't we consider this our first day off?"

Sheba flashed a smile at him. Felix noticed that she was noticeably less serious when it was just him and her together. "When have we been working? So far, we've done nothing but travel."

Felix blushed a little. The two stood for a moment looking at each other, before Felix coughed.

"A-hem! Well, lets go shopping!"

"So much gusto." Sheba muttered, but walked into the heart of town.

She was hit by the sights, sounds and smells of town. The scent of roasting chicken floated in the air, and little kids played tag around her ankles, followed closely by a small puppy.

She relaxed, and picked up an apple on a merchants table.

"How much?" She asked.

"6 gold." the merchant replied. "A wonderful deal."

"I should say so." Sheba said. She gave the man his money and began to eat her lunch.

The apple was crisp and flavor filled, and she devoured it quickly. Feeling refreshed, she wondered what Felix was doing.

She found Felix standing at the weaponry shop, looking at an expensive sword.

"...Look, for 700 gold, it's a great weapon." Felix shook his head.

"Give it to me for 400, old man."

The man's facial expression changed from friendly to sour. "400? You insult me. I'm going low at 700."

"If you don't, you'll be sorry."

"I'm a merchant, not a charity operator. Get out of my sight." The man held up a knife as Felix began to protest. "Now."

Sheba saw his arm start to tense; he was going to use his psyenergy. She ran forward and grabbed his arm, breaking his concentration.

"Felix!" She hissed. "You can't do that! Just let the poor man be!"

"Poor man!... Sheba, if he were poor, he's be glad to get that price!"

"Stop! Please," She looked straight up into his eyes. "Don't get us thrown out of town in our first hour here."

Felix held her gaze for a moment, then relented. "Alright. Lets get out of here." He began to walk away.

Sheba couldn't help her curiosity. What was this man's deal? She looked into his mind to find:

'...little lass, acts like she's the boss of that big guy. Good thing I know she's got an attitude like that, I'll tell the boss she's a fighter before we-'

Sheba abruptly stopped listening, and looked at the man. He winked at her, which sent shivers and chills down her spine.

Sheba ran to Felix. He was now bent over a table, politely discussing prices of herbs with a young girl. She smiled at the girl, who took her cue and busied herself with another customer.

"Sheba, where were... what's wrong?" Felix asked. Sheba swallowed, and tried to slow her breathing.

"That, that man, I read his mind, and he said-"

Felix rolled his eyes. "You know Sheba? This is what you get for mind reading. Don't worry, he's just some nut with an appetite for gold."

"But, Felix!" Sheba tried to reach up, touch his shoulders, get his attention. He took both her hands firmly in his, making her stomach feel uneasy.

"Look. Just calm down. He was a jerk, a real pig headed-" Felix took a deep breath and continued, "jerk. But that's all. Do you want me mad, or what?" Sheba shook her head. "So, lets go get some supplies, food, and relaxation so we can continue, eh?"

Sheba didn't say anything, which Felix took to as close as consent as he would get.

"I agree Sheba, it's nicer to spend the night in an Inn." Felix said, looking around at the various couches and lamps that adorned the first floor. "It's much more expensive, though."

"I can't imagine why Inn's are more expensive than the ground." Sheba muttered. Felix heard her, and laughed a little.

"You're right. As usual," He said, as the receptionist looked at him expectantly. "Hold on, Sheba." He said, and walked to the desk.

Sheba sat on the couch, clutching her small carpet bag. She noticed a small, dark haired man who was staring at her. She averted her gaze, and listened to his thoughts.

'...it's not like him to be late... okay, she hasn't noticed me... she's pretty good looking. Yum.'

Sheba looked where his eyes lay, startled. She found him staring at the receptionist. "What a relief." She commented to herself.

"Okay. You're room 6, and I'm room 8." Felix handed her a small key. "Don't lose it."

"Why did you get two rooms?" She groaned. "That's too expensive, Felix!" She expected a snappy comeback, about her snoring.

"It wouldn't be appropriate, Sheba. Now, lets go upstairs." Felix made for the stairs.

Sheba blushed a little, and wondered if Felix suspected, and didn't want to lead her on. A sigh forced it's way out of her chest.

Upstairs, she found a fairly large room, clean, and smelling lightly of lilacs, which she attributed to the bouquet in the corner. Sheba pulled on a pair of loose fitting old trousers of

Ivan's, and an older tunic of Piers'es. She curled up in bed, to go to sleep.

Across the hall, Felix lay wide awake in his bed. Had Sheba wanted to share a room, or was she just money conscious? It really wouldn't be appropriate, as he had said, him as her guardian.

"What am I to do?" He said to no one. "I think I'm going mad."

The next morning, Felix rose, and stretched. He had slept poorly, sleeping only for an hour or so. The sunlight filtered through his windows, and the town was quiet with morning gentleness. He pulled on a tunic over his bare chest., and open his door to the hall.

Promptly, he nearly slipped on some water that was on the floor. Cursing, he picked up a water glass, which someone had unthanking tossed on the floor and not bothered to pick up. "Stupid rogues." Felix muttered. He knocked on Sheba's door.

"Come on sleepy head, rest is over! Time to get moving," his comment more jealous than he had intended. Fighting back a yawn, he knocked on her door again, more loudly this time. "Sheba, I'm not kidding!" He leaned on her door in frustration.

The door opened slightly, and Felix let himself in.

"Sheba? You know, it's-" Felix stared, slack-jawed, at the empty bed.

***Chapter 6*: Sheba and Her Own Courage**

Sheba and Her Own Courage

Sheba awoke in the back of a wagon, that was driven by two men. She recognized both; one was the dark haired man at the Inn, and the other was the weapons merchant.

"We are gonna get some nice gold for her! If she's the real thing, that is. If not, we could still sell her into slave trade. Either way works."

"Shut up, Ernie." The weapons dealer said. Ernie was silent.

Sheba didn't waste another moment; she called a huge gale of wind into the wagon, causing it to tip over.

She crawled out from the overturned wagon, and made a break for the horizon, where she saw a hill.

"Lloyd! Lloyd!" Ernie shook his dazed partner. "She's running!"

Lloyd laughed. "She won't get far. Just watch."

Sheba had almost made it to the hill. Hoping that she could see a town or something, she could go in that direction. But about fifty feet from her destination...

Snap! She tripped as though someone had held a rope in front of her feet. She tried to get up and go farther, but found she hit an invisible wall. Try as she might, she could not go a step further.

Lloyd approached the back of her, and put his hand on her shoulder. "I knew you'd run, soon as you woke up," he said, eyes glinting in the morning light. "So I thought I would take some precautions." Without another word, he swung Sheba over his shoulder, giving her little choice in where she went.

Sheba sighed, irritated. "What precautions?" She muttered, not expecting an answer.

But Lloyd did. "Wouldn't you like to know."

Sheba was thrown back into the now upright wagon.

"Stay there." Ernie said, shaking his fist at her. Lloyd only shook his head, and whipped the horses into a run.

Sheba slid down, and fought the urge to throw up. She wished she had slept in Felix's room last night, even just on the floor. She wanted to hang her head and cry.

I can't give up. She thought furiously. *What would Felix think?*

Felix ran out of the Inn, and into the town. He knew she wouldn't be there. She had been kidnapped, he knew it. It was his fault; Sheba had been right, they should have stayed in one room together.

But he couldn't think about that now. He had to find her.

He ran out of the village, down a dirt road, using his psyenergy to reach out and feel who was near the village.

Sheba was tired of behaving. She thought it would give her time to think; instead, it made her feel like she was just going along for the ride with these goons.

She stood up, and called another gale. It nearly toppled over the horse again, and it made both men turn to face her.

"You stop that. Didn't you learn anything?" Ernie punched her in the face, and Sheba fell back in the wagon. "Just quit your crap, and you'll be fine."

Sheba held both hands to her eye. It felt like it was growing right in her hand, and there was nothing she could do about it. She wasn't Mia. She wasn't a healer.

But she also wasn't a wimp.

"You think you're so tough, hitting a girl." Sheba spat.

Lloyd smirked at her remark. "He's nothing, kid. I know I can control you, I'm not worried." Calmly, he turned back around.

Sheba was fuming, and frightened out of her mind. She was always being kidnapped. She was always being controlled. The last two years of her life were her first free ones: and she wasn't going to give up that easily.

She conjured the biggest storm she knew how. Lighting struck just inches away from her.

The wagon exploded....

***Chapter 7*: Sheba and Felix Again**

Hello! This is Kate again. Unfortunately if you don't like authors note's. Well, This is a long chapter, though it was fair to warn you guys. Again, any comments and thoughts are appreciated. I happen to like this particular chapter quite a bit, and I hope you do too. Well, enough of this! On to the... show?

Sheba and Felix... Again

Felix hadn't come very far; perhaps six miles or so. Enough to make a distance, but far too close not to be caught. Yet he still hadn't found her. What if he had gone in the wrong direction?

At the corner of his eye, he saw a fleck of gold glint in the sun. Looking closer, he saw that it was a man shaking Sheba.

He ran to her, faster than he had in his whole life.

"You little bitch," Lloyd shook her until Sheba was as limp as a rag doll. "You little good for nothing *bitch*. It's a good thing I'm getting paid a lot to deal with your absolute shit." He threw her to the ground. "Now we can walk to Magma rock, thanks to you."

"And you can sleep in my bed. Not that I'll do any sleeping." Ernie added.

"Not if I can help it!" Felix swung his left fist into the side of Ernie's head, knocking him down. Using a roundhouse kick, he also knocked Lloyd down. He ran to Sheba, and scooped her up in his arms.

"Felix!" Sheba gasped in sheer surprise. Felix could feel her shaking in both fear and relief. He also noticed her black eye, and began to fume with anger.

"Which one of you gave her the black eye?"

Ernie began to shake his head. "Gave? Oh no! She fell!"

Felix stared at him for a moment, and Ernie smiled a little, thinking he was off the hook.

He was wrong.

"Demon night!" Felix screamed.

Ernie was in quite a lot of pain. His leg was ripped off from the velocity of the spell.

"Ahhhhh! Great Sol above!" Ernie was screaming and crying.

Felix turned to Lloyd. "...and for you..."

"Felix, wait! He's got this magic ring... just take it away from him." Sheba begged.

"Shh." Felix told Sheba softly. Then he glared at Lloyd. "Where is this ring?"

"I know no such ring." Lloyd said coldly.

Felix began to pull back his sleeves. "Gosh I love that last spell."

"Oh, you mean this ring?" He threw it to Felix.

"Well, thanks, buddy. Helm Splitter!" Felix cried without warning. In a matter of moments Lloyd was both unconscious, and very, very, very bloody.

"We have to go get our stuff from the Inn, then we'll leave the area. And put on this ring," Felix said finally. Sheba obeyed, then hid her face in Felix's neck. "And tonight, we're definitely camping."

That night, after dinner, Sheba and Felix lay down on a hill to sleep. Neither were asleep, both stared at the stars with a certain intensity.

"Felix?" Sheba whispered.

"You don't have to whisper." Felix whispered back.

"Then why are you?"

"Because you... never mind. What is it?"

"I think I'm scared."

"Nothing's going to happen. It's fine."

"You weren't kidnapped last night!"

"This morning technically."

"I'm not going to sleep if *you* are!" Sheba snapped.

Felix sighed, and got up. He scooted over next to Sheba. "I'll be awake. I won't let anything happen to you."

"Really?" Sheba asked suspiciously.

Smiling, Felix said, "I'm your guardian. It's my duty."

Sheba cuddled next to Felix's leg and, without his permission, used it as a pillow. Perhaps she was just assuring herself that she could not be separated from him.

Felix sat, and sighed again. He looked down at Sheba, wanting to stroke her hair, but resisting the urge.

I suppose she knows, Felix thought, and that's why she's being so mean. But if she knew, she would tease him. Verbally. Sheba was not a flirt.

Sheba was not asleep. She feigned unconsciousness as she took Felix's leg, but she was in fact wide awake. She just enjoyed being so close to him.

He doesn't have any idea, and it should stay that way. Sheba's eyelids fluttered, and she could feel thoughts in Felix's head bumping into each other. She wanted to read his mind, but she didn't dare after last time.

She kissed his leg, just slightly. Thinking that was the closest that she would ever have to kissing him. Felix moved a little, but not a lot, so as to not "wake" her. Sheba smiled inwardly, and shut her eyes to attempt real slumber.

Felix thought he could have been mistaken, but he thought he saw Sheba kiss his leg. *Probably dreaming about Ivan,* he thought, and growled. Sheba picked up her head a little.

"Sorry Sheba. Did I wake you?" Felix asked her. Her eyes were only half open, and she yawned.

"Yeah. But it's ok." Sheba settled herself into a cross-legged position. "Why don't you nap for a while? We'll take turns."

"No... go back to sleep. I want to take care of things."

"Well... ok." Sheba said dubiously. She curled up like a cat, using her jacket like a blanket, and this time sleep claimed her....

She woke in a few hours- Sheba couldn't tell, the sky had gotten lighter for the false dawn- to hear Felix crying.

She scrambled up, brushing some twigs out of her hair. *How attractive*, she thought. "Felix?" She said. "Felix?" She half yelled.

She turned to her left and saw Felix's silhouette, bent double.

She ran to him, and put her hands on his face. His three day old shave tickled her hands. There were no tears on his face, but his chest was heaving with heavy sobs.

"...Felix..." Sheba said softly. "It's ok. It'll be ok."

She was pulled into Felix's arms. She could feel his muscular arms tightening around her waist. It was all she could do to prevent herself from falling to the ground in a dead faint.

"What would I have done if something had happened to you?" He asked. "It didn't hit me for a little while... but you..."

"I..." Sheba was unable to form complete sentences.

"It's all my fault." Felix sobbed, holding her even more tightly to himself. "What if you'd..." He held her away, and stared at her, almost hungrily. "I just can't take it anymore." Felix whispered, suggesting a further action.

But he just stared at her.

Sheba leaned forward and kissed him on his cheek. "It's ok, Felix. Don't worry so much." She pulled away, thinking to herself *I'm an idiot! What did I just do!*

But Felix just looked at her, expressionless.

"You can't do that to me, Sheba." He let go of her and stood up, turning away from her slightly.. "I... don't kiss me if you don't mean it."

"I meant it." Sheba rose, and met his gaze squarely.

"I-" Before she could say anything else, Felix caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

The kiss swept through Sheba, making her stomach drop, all the way down to the ground.

He pulled away, but kept his arms around her. "See Sheba? That's why you can't tease me. It's why..." He was interrupted when Sheba reached her arms around her neck to kiss him again. Felix yanked his face away.

"What are you doing! Sheba, I didn't mean to influence you-"

"I wasn't." Sheba said, interrupting him. "I... I've felt this way for a long time." Sheba looked down, because she could feel her face burn with a blush.

"Sheba..." Felix's voice was hardly louder than a whisper. "You're not just going along with this because you think I'd be mad, right?" He reached out to touch her face. As his fingertips grazed her cheek, it felt like lighting.

Sheba lay her hand on his, holding it to her face. "Why do you think I got so mad when you said that I liked Ivan? Then I read your mind because I wanted to see if you really thought that-"

"-and I was mad because I was thinking about you, and I didn't want you to know." Felix trailed off, remembering. They were both silent for a moment.

Felix moved his hand past Sheba's cheek to under her upper thighs. He gently hoisted her into his arms.

"Hey!" Sheba protested, but she put her arms around her Felix's neck, just in case. "Where are you taking me?"

"To my bed. Don't worry, not for that." Felix took a deep breath. "I've... just wanted to hold you while I went to sleep for a long time, so... but if you'd rather sleep back where you were, that's ok too-"

"No!" Sheba said, surprising Felix. "No," She said more calmly, "I want to stay in your arms."

Felix clumsily carried her to his blanket. Laying down carefully, he held her on his chest until he was lying down, Sheba carefully draped across his broad chest.

Sheba noticed Felix hadn't breathed for a while. "Felix! Breathe, or you'll faint!" Felix nodded, and put his arm protectively around her. Privately he thought that he might faint any way.

"Goodnight... little goddess." Felix said, with affection in his voice. He pulled the blanket farther over Sheba, who was already drifting back to sleep.

"Goodnight..." Sheba mumbled happily. Before she was asleep, she leaned up and kissed Felix's cheek. Smiling, Sheba fell into peaceful sleep.

Sheba woke as gently as she had fallen asleep. Her back stretched like a cat's, and she slipped off of Felix's chest. His

eyes slid open.

"Where are you going?" He asked drowsily.

"Nowhere."

"Ok." Felix murmured. Sheba rested her head under his chin, and she could feel his hand running it's way up and down her back. She shivered.

"Are you cold?" Felix asked. "I could put some more firewood on..." Sheba laughed. "What's so funny?" Felix demanded, a little cross.

Sheba giggled again. "At home, you always offer to make a fire. You want to go back, don't you?"

Felix sat up, holding her tightly to him. She looked up and him, and Felix realized he couldn't resist those beautiful violet eyes. He kissed her gently before answering her.

"Yes, I suppose I do. Even though we haven't solved this mystery, in a way we're resolved any way. Yes, lets go home."

A small snowflake- the first of the season- landed on Sheba's small forehead. Felix kissed that too, and Sheba snuggled up in his arms.

Meanwhile...

Ivan sat miserably at the counter, sharing a glance momentarily with Piers. The commotion behind them was loud enough to call the great one- *again*.

"Just because you're pregnant is no reason to act like you're some kind of god forsaken QUEEN!" Mia screamed at Jenna.

"Shut up! You're just mad that your boyfriend and mine loved me once!" Jenna spat back, hissing like a snake.

"Wrong! They both loved me!"

"At least I'm getting married to Isaac, something you couldn't manage!"

"Though you had to get knocked up to do it!"

Ivan shook his head. He knew these two girls had been waiting for an opportunity to catfight, but over this?

He glanced at their boyfriends, who were also quarrelling.

"You idiot! Why would you say something like that to Mia? You know how insecure she is!" Garret said to Isaac angrily.

"Well, thanks for telling Jenna that we had a fling after Imil." Isaac muttered through gritted teeth. "Tit for tat."

"How mature." Garret muttered.

"How very indeed."

Garret slammed his fist on the table. "I don't need this from you, Isaac! Just shut up! Or..."

"Or what?" Isaac moved up into Garret's face. "You'll keep my feet warm at night with that sad little lighter inside of you?"

Garret punched him, slamming Isaac back into a wall.

Jenna and Mia immediately stopped arguing.

"Oh, my gosh! Isaac! I'll heal him," Mia shoved Jenna, "Out of the way."

Jenna grabbed Mia's upper forearm and pulled her back. "I can heal too, and fight on top of it, unlike some useless people."

"Then heal this, you!" Mia encased Jenna in a block of ice, that shatter some seconds after words.

Jenna was steaming; her body made the entire room rise about ten degree's in temperature.

The two girls stood and stared at each other a moment. Then Jenna jumped on top of Mia, and proceeded to punch her.

Ivan rose to stop these people from fighting; his hands waving with no direction, his teeth clenched tightly. Piers put his hand on Ivan's shoulder.

"Come on, Ivan. I'll go upstairs and make you a cup of tea."

"But... but..." Ivan protested, wringing his hands a little.

"Just let them be. In a few minutes they'll tire themselves out." Ivan blushed, because Piers'es hand remained on his shoulder.

Just before Piers teased him about his red face, the door burst open, letting in the fist gentle breathes of winter cold and a very tired Felix...

***Chapter 8*: Sheba and Her Absence**

Sheba and her Absence

"Felix? Felix!" Jenna scrambled off of Mia, and jumped into her brother's arms. He held her, giving a look to all of them.

"Felix?" Ivan slid off his stool, and walked over. "Where... where is Sheba? Is she ok?"

Felix looked down at this small boy, whom he had been jealous of for almost two years. Jealous of for two long years, only to find that he wasn't the least bit interested in girls.

He let go of Jenna, got down on his knee, and gripped one of Ivan's hands in one of his. "I... want to thank you, Ivan." Felix said sincerely.

Ivan gulped. "For what, Felix?" He said nervously.

"For taking such good care of Sheba when I couldn't because I... didn't know how she needed to be cared for."

Ivan's eyes lit up. "You mean, she told you?"

"I told her, actually."

"Wow." Ivan shook Felix's hands enthusiastically. "You have nothing to thank me for. She's my best friend in the world, and if she's happy, I'm happy."

Jenna whacked her brother impatiently on the shoulder. "Would you tell me what is going on? And where IS Sheba?"

"Sheba's back at our house, fast asleep. I think she caught a bit of a cold on the trip home."

"Why? You didn't keep her warm enough?" Isaac chided. "Your infatuation with Sheba has only been so obvious, to some of us. And at least I'm not a hypocrite."

Felix whirled on him. "I'm Sheba's only family. Jenna and I. You didn't even ask our father if Jenna could marry you, let alone me. Your self-righteous attitude bothers me."

"Hey, Felix, you're pretty self-righteous too-" Garret added, but was cut off by his best friend.

"Stay out of it, Garret. We're adults, Felix. Get over it. Last I checked, Sheba wasn't an adult."

"Excuse me?" Felix's hackles rose. "Just what are you implying?"

"That Sheba's not even old enough to get married without her guardians permission... oh, I see how you guys will get around that."

"Look Isaac." Felix gave him a dirty look. "How dare you imply that I would take advantage of her."

"So, it's not like you guys are getting married then? She just shares your bed, huh?"

"IT'S NOT LIKE THAT!" Ivan yelled. Everyone stared at him in surprise; even Isaac and Felix were frozen. "Sheba's loved Felix for a long time, Felix didn't do anything wrong! She's as much as an adult as me, or Felix, or even Piers! So, just shut up Isaac!"

"Ivan, what the golden sun!" Isaac exclaimed. "We were friends first!" He grabbed Ivan's shoulders and shook him.

"Well, Sheba is my best friend, because she cares about me for me, Isaac! She doesn't just need to use my wind psyenergy to open a temple!"

Isaac threw Ivan on the floor.

Jenna and Mia rushed over and helped Ivan up, cooing (yes, cooing.) Isaac opened his mouth and shut it, unable to speak for a moment. Then he pulled himself together.

"What? He doesn't need both of you!" Isaac snapped.

Both girls turned and looked at Isaac with a certain anger in their eyes. Then they looked at each other, then back at Isaac.

"You know what Isaac? I don't know what I saw in you." Mia said. Jenna nodded.

"Consider our engagement off. No one insults my brother- or my sister, for that matter." Jenna said coolly.

"But Jenna... you're pregnant! And she's not your real sister!"

Jenna rose quietly off the floor, and slapped him.

"Be quiet, Isaac." Jenna said, a few tears slipping down her cheeks. "I used to wish you'd talk more, so I could know you better. Now I know why you were so reserved- because you're an idiot when you open your mouth."

Piers walked over and hoisted Ivan into his arms. Ivan responded by wrapping his arms around Pier'es neck. "Come on, I can't heal him," he said to the girls. "I'll be back." He nodded to the other men. "There better not be another scene when I get back." He carried Ivan, and led Mia and Jenna upstairs.

Felix and Isaac stared at each other.

Then Garrett cleared his throat. "I don't know how I didn't get in trouble just now, but I just wanted to tell the two of you... I'm sorry. Especially you Isaac, I'm sorry man."

"It's not your fault; it's-" Garret held up a hand in warning.

"Don't go there. I won't stop him."

"You don't have to. I'm out of here; I'm going to have illegitimate sex with Sheba. But hey, at least I can still *get* laid." Felix left, flinging the door shut.

"Rape is what he means."

"Isaac! You don't really think that." Garrett muttered irritably. "I mean, Ivan wasn't 'just a kid' before he turned sixteen."

Isaac didn't respond, except for a muttered "we're all kids next to Pier'es." Garret ignored this, and the two sat like obedient children, waiting for the Lemurian's return.

***Chapter 9*: Sheba and Isaac's Aftermath**

Sheba sat wide-awake in bed. Felix had been gone for such a long time. Was he okay? Would he be mad- or worse, worried -if she got up and looked for him?

She had been so tired when they first got home, Sheba had just wanted to sleep. "Felix said he would be right back." Sheba said to herself. "He just wanted to say hello, and apologize to Jenna." But as soon as Felix left, Sheba was wide awake, just waiting anxiously.

"We're just in Vale." Sheba said to herself, trying to sound convincing. It had just been such a long week

Sheba looked around Felix's room. It was much smaller than her and Jenna's room, perhaps a third of the size. Most of the space was taken up by Felix's large bed, his desk, and a dresser. The dresser was covered in plants, including a violet, Sheba's favorite. "Wonder if that's my birthday present..." she mused.

There was a slam, and the whole house shook. "Great." Sheba muttered. Then she thought she might be romantic, and pretend to be asleep.

She turned on her side just in time, as the door creaked open, and Felix slid in the room, closing the door with a soft click. He crept to the bed, and sat down on top of the covers.

Sheba heard him sigh. After a moment, he began to stroke her hair gently.

"Felix? Are you ok?" Sheba asked. Felix gasped. "What?" She demanded.

"Nothing. I just thought you were asleep. Sheba? Are you sure you shouldn't sleep in your room?"

Sheba sat for a moment, feelings hurt. "Are you tired of me already?"

"No." He pulled her face up to his for a kiss. "No, I'd never be sick of you." He ran his fingers through her wispy hair. "I'm not forcing you into anything, right? Like that last kiss, was that too forceful?"

"Felix! What is the matter with you?!"

Felix sighed. "Isaac said that you weren't even an adult, and I'm taking advantage of you..."

"Do you feel that way?" Sheba asked. Felix shook his head. "Well, Isaac's not here." Sheba murmured. She crawled onto Felix's lap, and kissed his neck gently. "But I am."

"...Sheba..." Felix moaned a little, then jerked away. "Sheba! You can't do this to me!" Sheba looked up into his eyes innocently.

"Why not?"

"Because..." Felix searched for a reason, and found none. Sheba sighed, and held his face in her hands.

I am not a rapist! Damn Isaac! See, Sheba does- Sheba, what are you doing?! Felix thought, the last bit slightly confused.

"Oh Felix." Sheba said, "Do you really think that?"

"Who? No." Felix said, slightly delayed.

"Ok, so that's a yes. Felix, don't worry about what Isaac thinks." Sheba was about to say more, but she coughed and shivered.

Felix forced her back under the covers. "Sheba, you DID catch something on the way back. I thought you seemed warm."

"I didn't." Sheba protested. Felix laughed, and slid down in the bed himself.

"When I get up tomorrow, I'll make you some soup."

"You are so sweet, but... can I have Ivan test it first?"

Felix rolled Sheba so that she was on top of him. "Hey! My cooking isn't that bad! I mean, I'm not Piers, but still..."

Sheba laughed, and snuggled her head under his chin.

***Chapter 10*: Sheba is Conspicuously Absent**

(I'm not usually one for authors notes, but I'd like to tell all of you that I'll be finishing this fic by July. So, if any of you original readers are still there, uh... yay!)

Piers walked slowly down the stairs, thinking to himself that he had not seen so much drama since the group had battled the wise one. He felt a bit sorry for Isaac, and Jenna in particular. Though Mia was angry with Garret (more just because she was angry with everyone at this point), she hadn't broken it off with him. Jenna on the other hand, had histrionically become a single mother.

Piers walked slowly down the stairs, thinking to himself that he had not seen so much drama since the group had battled the wise one. He felt a bit sorry for Isaac, and Jenna in particular. Though Mia was angry with Garret (more just because she was angry with everyone at this point), she hadn't broken it off with him. Jenna on the other hand, had histrionically become a single mother.

"But not really," Piers mused aloud. "Felix and... Sheba would help her raise it."

But there lies the problem, the stem of all this. Sheba and Felix. Piers had always been especially fond of Sheba- who wouldn't be? She was a cute young girl, intelligent beyond her years (Piers had told her alone how old he actually was), sassy and independent to a fault. Sheba was mature because she carried so much on her shoulders at such a young age- she decided not to go back to her original foster family because they never stopped thinking of her as a

Goddess, which she could no longer bear, now that she knew her true origins.

Piers knew that Jenna and Isaac would get back together. It would be silly if they didn't. But he also strongly suspected Sheba would have to intervene.

This made Piers stop and pause. Did this young girl still carry all the responsibility that Felix had encouraged her to leave? Surely the melodrama of a handful of young adults was less burden than the worship of a town?

Piers sighed, and walked the remaining steps, down to the common room in the inn. It was now later in the night, a soft violet light from the sky mingled with the red firelight. Garret and Isaac were the only people downstairs, huddled together because it was getting colder.

"Dammit Garret, can't you just make the fire bigger?!" Isaac snapped, shivering. Garret thought for a moment, and the fire became bigger and warmed the room.

"I wonder how much longer we're going to be here..." Garret said.

"I don't know, he's Lemurian. Maybe he thinks that ten minutes have passed." Isaac said.

Piers stepped out of the shadows. "Actually, boys, I knew how much time had passed." Piers said, extra emphasis on the word "boys". "Some peoples girlfriends were rather upset."

"So you don't have a new boyfriend, Piers?" Garret commented idly. Isaac hit him, but Piers chuckled.

"Be kind to Ivan, Garret. I love him- like a little brother. Which he will be, legally, when Hamma and I wed this summer."

"What?! How did he take that?!" Garret exclaimed.

"Well enough... now Garret, not to sound like a parent, but I think Isaac is the one with the real problem here. And I didn't stay up till three o'clock in the morning to gossip with you like a schoolgirl."

Isaac had buried his face sulkily in his arms, and lifted it slightly, so that Piers could hear him speak. "Jenna must hate me. I acted like a jerk." He said, barely audible.

"Yes, you did." Piers commented. "But the dumb part was when you didn't apologize. What made you act like- forgive me- such a complete buffoon?"

Isaac sighed. "Felix rubs me the wrong way," He said.

Garret nodded, "They've never gotten along, Piers. When we were kids, there was always this... rivalry between them."

"The young earth adepts of Vale." Piers said thoughtfully. "And you were infatuated with his sister from how long ago?"

Isaac and Garret looked at each other. "We had both started liking Jenna around twelve." The two nodded at each other.

"Hmmm... that would put Felix at fourteen... a delicate age..."

"As if you would remember." Garret muttered quietly.

"-the same age that Sheba was when Felix met her. Do you see where I'm getting at?"

"Uh... no, actually." Garret said.

"Listen, Isaac, Garret, but mostly Isaac." Isaac looked mildly offended by this, but kept silent. "When did either of you think," Piers continued, "'I'm in love with this girl?'"

There was a pause.

"Hmm... On my fifteenth birthday, I kissed Jenna." Garret said suddenly. "And you and I got in a huge fight, remember?"

"Oh yeah. I wasn't turning fifteen for another month and a half, and I told you that you had betrayed me because I was in love with her." Isaac recounted.

"We laughed about it later." Garret admitted.

"How much later?" Piers asked, eyebrow raised.

"Ah... about a year and a half ago, when we met Mia, and we... both liked her..." Isaac said, trailing off, embarrassed at the sheer one dimensional aspect of this statement.

"Right. So, at fourteen, did you love Jenna?" Piers asked the two of them. Slowly, without looking at each other or Piers, they nodded.

"Well, I don't have anything else to say to you. Goodnight." Piers said, rising to his feet. "Nice fire, Garret."

"Thank you," Garret said, a little puzzled. Isaac jumped to his feet.

"PIERS!" Isaac yelled. "Aren't you going to help me? Anything. I'll do anything to get Jenna back."

Piers turned and looked at the panting Isaac, and shook his head.

"Why don't you ask Felix?"